

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

Now the King drinke to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpets*  
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*  
*Ham.* Come on sir.  
*Laer.* Come my Lord.  
*Ham.* One.  
*Laer.* No.  
*Ham.* Judgement.  
*Ostr.* A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*  
*Laer.* Well, againe. *Florisb, a peece goes off.*  
*King.* Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.  
Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.  
*Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set it by a while  
Come, another hit. What say you?  
*Laer.* I doe confest.  
*King.* Our sonne shall winne.  
*Quee.* Hee's fat and scant of breath.  
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,  
The *Queene* carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.  
*Ham.* Good Madam.  
*King.* *Gertrard*, doe not drinke.  
*Quee.* I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.  
*King.* It is the poyfined cup, it is too late.  
*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.  
*Quee.* Come, let me wipe thy face.  
*Laer.* My Lord, Ile hit him now.  
*King.* I doe not think't.  
*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.  
*Ham.* Com for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.  
I pray you passe with your best violence  
I am sure you make a wanton of me.  
*Laer.* Say you so come on.  
*Ostr.* Nothing neither way.  
*Laer.* Haue at you now.  
*King.* Part them, they are incens'd.  
*Ham.* Nay come againe.  
*Ostr.* Look to the *Queene* there hoe.  
*Hora.* They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lorde?  
*Ostr.* Ho! ist *Laertes*?  
*Laer.* Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge. *Ostrick*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.  
*Ham.* How does the *Queene*?  
*King.* She sounds to see them bleed.  
*Quee.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke, O my deare *Hamlet*!  
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyfined.  
*Ham.* O villanie! hoe let the dore be lock't,  
Treachery, seeke it out.  
*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,  
No medcin in the world can do thee good,  
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,  
The treacherous instrument is in my hand  
Vnbated and enuenuom'd, the foule practise  
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye  
Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poyfined,  
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.  
*Ham.* The point enuenuom'd to, then venom to thy worke.  
*All.* Treason, treason.  
*King.* O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.  
*Ham.* Here thou incestious damned Dane,  
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?  
Follow my mother.  
*Laer.* He is iustly ferd, it is a poyson temperd by himsefe.  
Exchange forgiuenes with me noble *Hamlet*,  
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,  
Nor thine on me.  
*Ham.* Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;  
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched *Queene* adiew.  
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,  
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death  
Is striet in his arrest. O I could tell you!  
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,  
Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright  
To the vnsatisfied.  
*Hora.* Neuer beleene it;  
I am more an antike Romane then a Dane,  
Heere's yet some liquor left.  
*Ham.* As th'art a man  
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,